



in Germany 1846 to 1848.

NEW

National Songs

THE

MELODIES

Never before published.

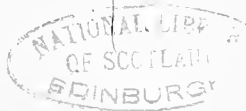


COMPOSED BY

PETER McLEOD.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 6/.



EDINBURGH.

GEORGE CROALL, 27 HANOVER STREET.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
National Library of Scotland



These Melodies
ARE
Most Respectfully
Dedicated

TO
Thomas Heir Esq.
BY HIS FRIEND
PETER McLEOD.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
WAKEN YET THE HARP ONCE MORE,-	1
MARY MACNEIL,-	4
WAR SONG OF BRITAIN,	8
A HIGHLAND WAIL, (translated from the Gaelic),	12
JACK'S THE GO,-	16
O FOR THE THORN TREE,	21
THE BUCCLEUCH GATHERING,	24
WHAT AILS MY MINNIE AT WILLIE AN' ME,	27
THE PANG O' LOVE IS ILL TO DREE,	31
LET BARDS SING O' CHEEKS BLOOMING BRIGHT,-	36
OUR BRAW UNCLE WILLIE,	58
MY FIDDLE AND ME,	41
THE BONNY BRAES O' SCOTLAND,	44
THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL,-	49



WAKEN YET THE HARP ONCE MORE.

Written by H. S. Riddell.

Joyously.

Wa - ken yet the

harp once more, Fond - ly touch each slumbring string, Let its

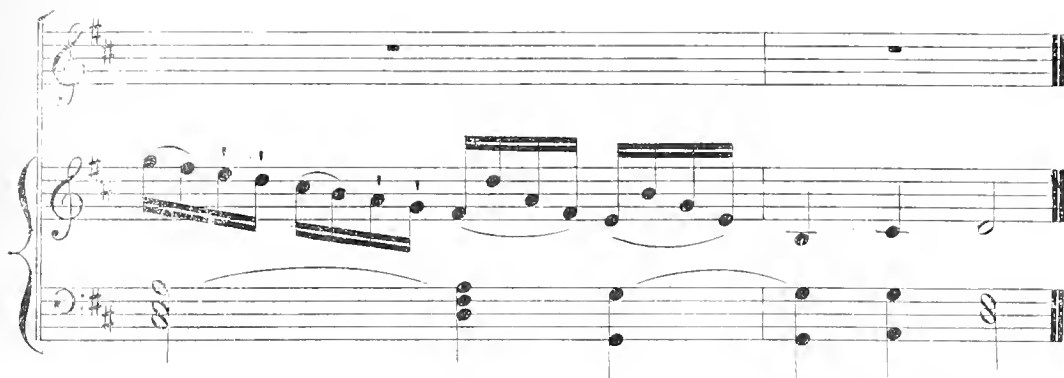
wild and na - tive lore, O'er the chords en - chantment fling.

Sing of stream and glen and hill, Where 'mong wildwoods

wav - ing grand, Roam the sons of free - dom still . . ,

Glo - ry - ing in their mountain land. Roam the sons of

Ritard. free - dom still , *Tempo.* Glo - ry - ing in their mountain land.



Sing of maiden leal and loved;
 And, while she the heart can claim,
 Let the song by her approved,
 Shed its halo o'er her name.
 Let the notes to nature true,
 Melting from the trembling strings,
 Tell how foes can ne'er subdue
 Hearts to whom the Minstrel sings.

War may boast its mad'ning joy,
 But no brow has ever found
 Laurels time shall not destroy,
 'Till the bard has bound them round.
 Waken then the harp's wild lore;
 Wreath of fame by Minstrel won
 Shall depart and be no more
 When the race of time is run.

MARY MACNETT.

*Written by E. Connelly**Slow, with
Expression*

The last gleam o' sun-set in o-cean was sinkin', O'er

mountain an' meadow-land glin-tin' fare-weel, An' thousands o'

stars in the fir-mament blinkin' Glanc'd bright as the een o' sweet

Ma-ry Macneil. As glowin' wi' gladness she lean'd on her lover, Her

een tell-in' sec-rets she thought to con-veal, An' slowly they

wander'd, whaur nane might dis-cov-er The tryst o' young Ronald an'

Ma-ry Macneil.

O Ma-ry was pure as the op'-nin' li-ly. Whan dew-drops o'

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "O Ma-ry was pure as the op'-nin' li-ly. Whan dew-drops o'".

mornin' its splendours re-veal, Nae fresh tin-ted flow'ret that

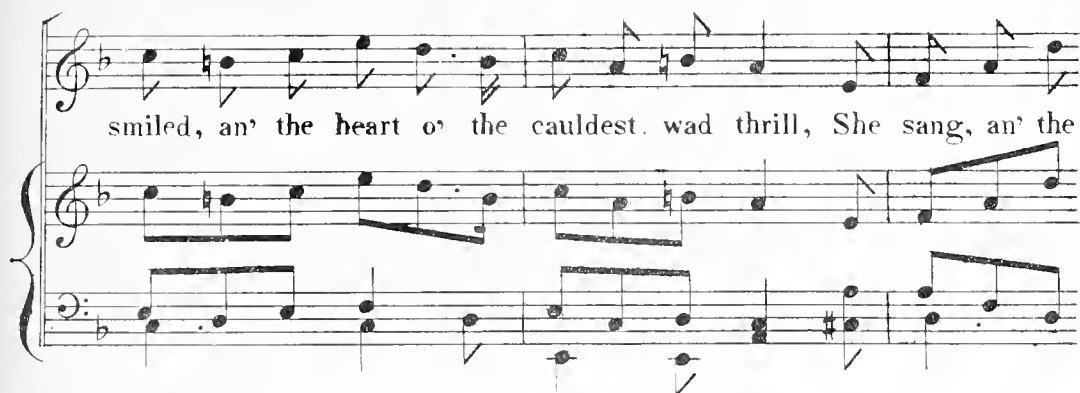
This system contains the second line of the song. The musical notation continues from the first system. The lyrics are: "mornin' its splendours re-veal, Nae fresh tin-ted flow'ret that".

blooms in the val-ley Could ri-val the beau-ty o' Ma-ry Mac-

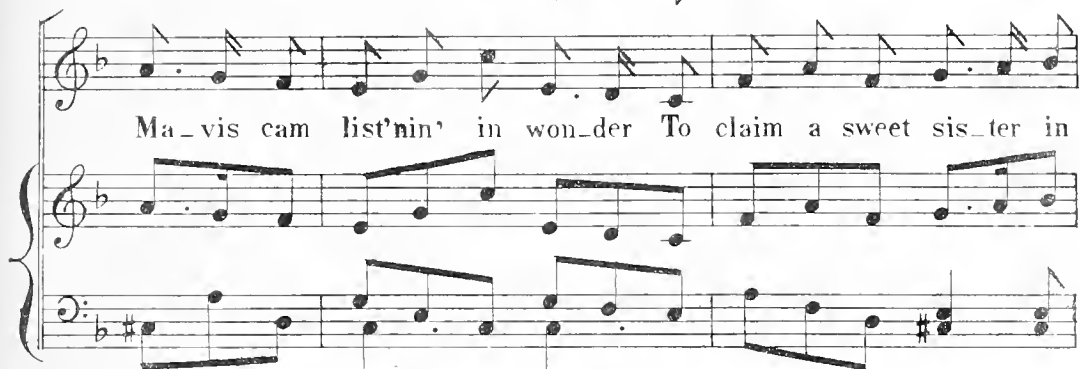
This system contains the third line of the song. The musical notation continues. The lyrics are: "blooms in the val-ley Could ri-val the beau-ty o' Ma-ry Mac-".

niel; She moved, an' the Gra-ces play'd sportive a-round her, She

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The musical notation continues. The lyrics are: "niel; She moved, an' the Gra-ces play'd sportive a-round her, She".



smiled, an' the heart o' the coldest wad thrill, She sang, an' the



Ma-vis cam list'nin' in wonder To claim a sweet sister in



Ma-ry Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
 Frae Spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;
 An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',
 Inflicts the deep wound naething earthly can heal.
 The Simmer saw Ronald in gladness an' glory,
 The Autumn, his corse on the far battle-fiel',
 The Winter, left Mary in sickness an' sorrow,
 An' Spring spread the green turf, o'er Mary Macneil.

WAR SONG OF BRITAIN.

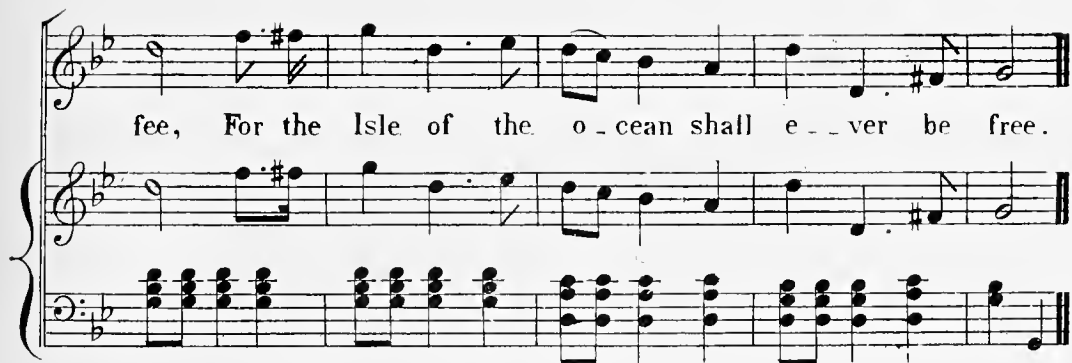
Written by James Murray.

With Energy *ff*

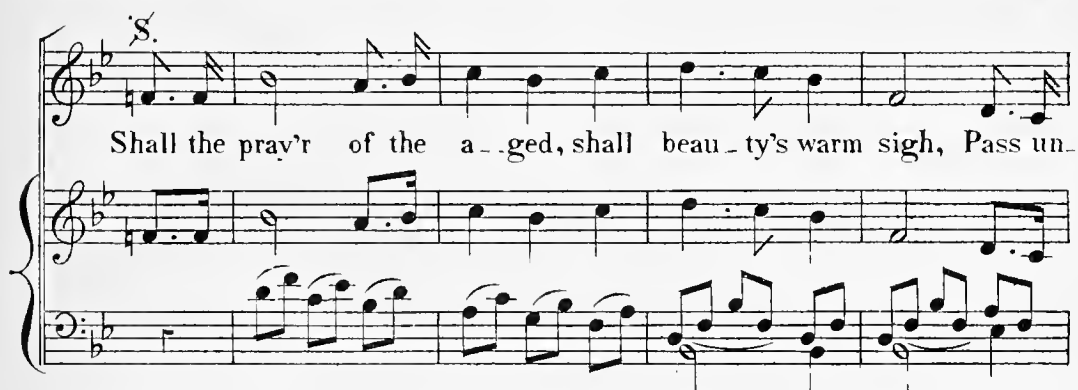
To your arms! to your

arms! let us up and a-way; The broad sun of free-dom shall

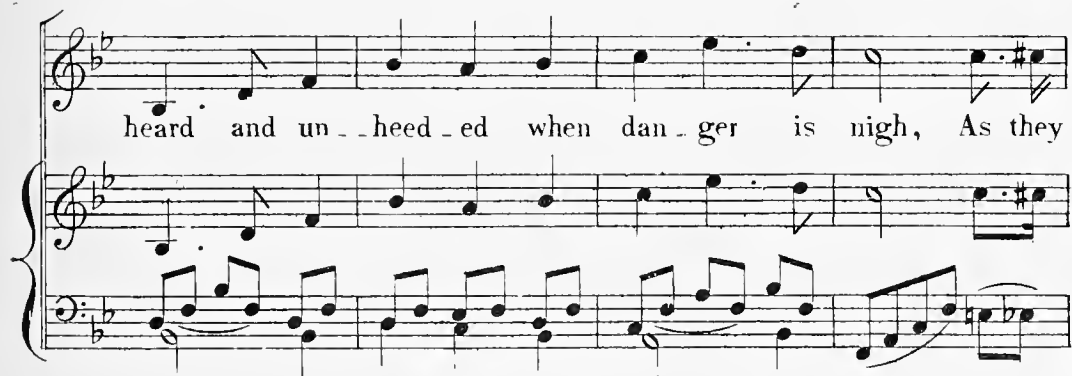
light us to day: We fight not for plun-der, be free-dom our



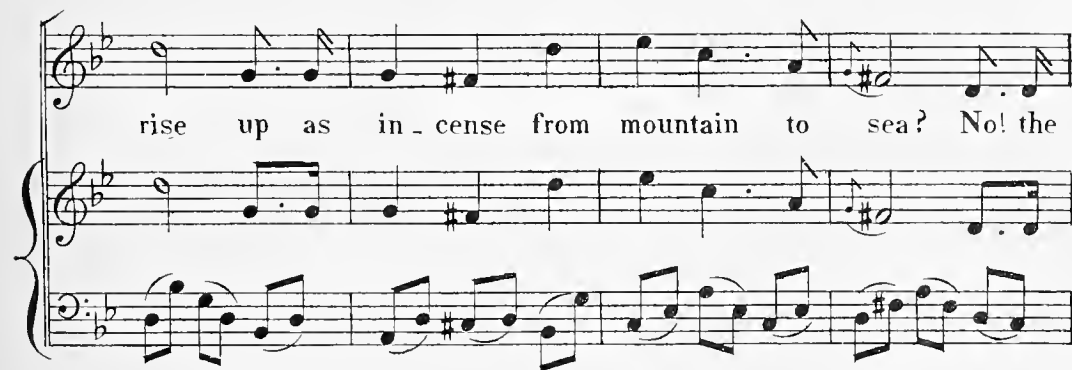
fee, For the Isle of the o - cean shall e - ver be free.



Shall the pray'r of the a - ged, shall beau - ty's warm sigh, Pass un-



heard and un - heed - ed when dan - ger is nigh, As they



rise up as in - cense from mountain to sea? No! the

Isle of the ocean shall ever be free!

CHORUS.

To your arms! to your arms! let us up and away; The

broad sun of freedom shall light us to day: We

fight not for plunder, be freedom our fee, For the

Isle of the ocean shall ever be free!

Let us seek the proud foe and bear downward amain,
 As the red stream of ruin descends on the plain;
 In the storm of the battle our war cry shall be—
 The Isle of the ocean shall ever be free!

To your arms! to your arms! &c.

And oh when the terror of strife dies away,
 The voices we love all our toils shall repay;
 And soft looks of rapture our guerdon shall be
 In the Isle of the ocean the home of the free!

To your arms! to your arms! &c.

A HIGHLAND WAIL.

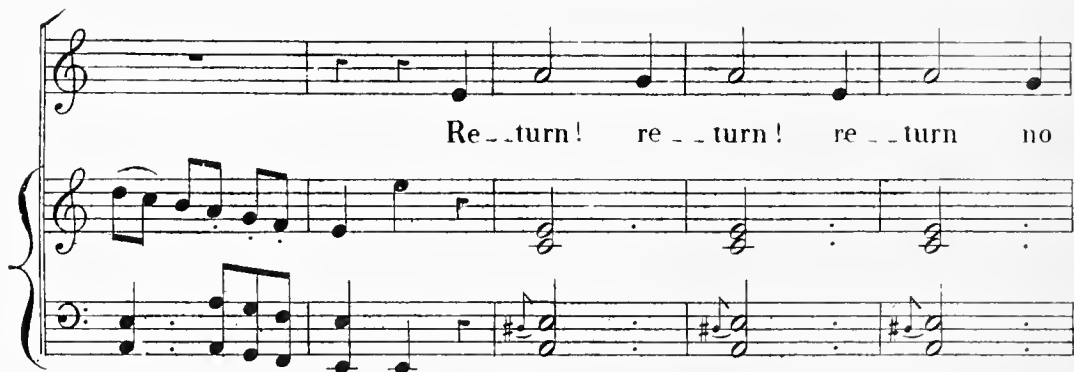
Translated from the Gaelic

BY

D. Grant Macdonald

and Respectfully Inscribed to

MISS MACKENZIE

*of Applecross.**With
Mournful
Expression.*

peace or in war re - - turn no nev_er Mac Grimmon's a -

way to re - - turn to us nev_er! The dark mountain mist has

wreath'd round Quillain; The Ban - shee has sung her dirge of

wail_ing; The mild blue eyes in the Dun* are weeping, For

* pronounced Doon.

thou art a - - way to re - - turn to us nev - er. Re - turn! re -

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef, featuring a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a grand staff bracket, featuring a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

turn! re - - turn! no nev er! Mac - Crimmon's a - way to re -

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line continues with the same melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

turn to us nev - er! In peace or in war re - - turn no

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line continues with the same melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

nev - er! Mac - Crimmon's a - - way to re - turn to us nev - er!

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line ends with a final note. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).



The breath of the vale is faintly blowing ;
 Each river and stream is mournfully flowing ;
 The birds on the boughs are perched in sorrow,
 Since thou art away to return on no morrow .

Return! return! return, &c.

The dark ocean heaves with dismal wailing ;
 The gally unmoor'd refuses sailing ;
 The voice of the wave is heard in sadness,
 Singing this wail in mournful madness .

Return! return! return, &c.

No more in the Dun, thy pibroch thrilling,
 Is heard at eve loves fond heart filling;
 Each maiden and swain is sad in sorrow,
 Since thou art away to return on no morrow .

Return! return! return, &c.

The original Song is printed in MacKay's Collection of Highland Pibrochs, published at Edinburgh in 1838. According to tradition it was composed by a daughter of M^cLeod of M^cLeod of Dunvegan on hearing of the death of M^cCrummen, (or MacCrimmon) the family Piper, who was shot in a skirmish between a party of General Loudon's men and the servants of M^cIntosh of Moyhall, a few nights before the battle of Culloden in 1746. The original melody is Gaelic, but in common with the major portion of Highland Airs consists only of one strain; the Author of these Melodies has added the second part in order to adapt it to the English translation.

JACK'S TUNE GO.

Written by James Ballantine.

With spirit.

Who'll go with me, o - ver the sea, Breasting the billows

mer - ri - ly? With a light little ship, and a bright can of flip. What

heart but braves it chee-ri-ly! Winds may blow, high or low,

Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go. Winds may blow,

high or low, Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

The star of love, that

beams a - bove, Shines down all pure and ho - li - ly; We'll

brave the breeze, we'll sweep the seas, With ho - soms beat - ing

jo - li - ly: Winds may blow, high or low, Steady, ready,

Ritard:

merry, cheery, Jack's the go. Winds may blow, high or low,

Tempo.

Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

Then, while we're a - float in our is - land boat, Let's

reef and steer her wa - ri - ly; And should our foes dare

come to blows, We'll meet them taut and ya - ri - ly

Winds may blow, high or low. Steady, ready,

merry, cheery, Jack's the go. Winds may blow,

Ritard. high or low, *Tempo.* Steady, ready, merry, cheery,

Jack's the go.

O FOR THE THORN TREE.

Written by James Murray.

With Tender Expression

I watched the moon blink

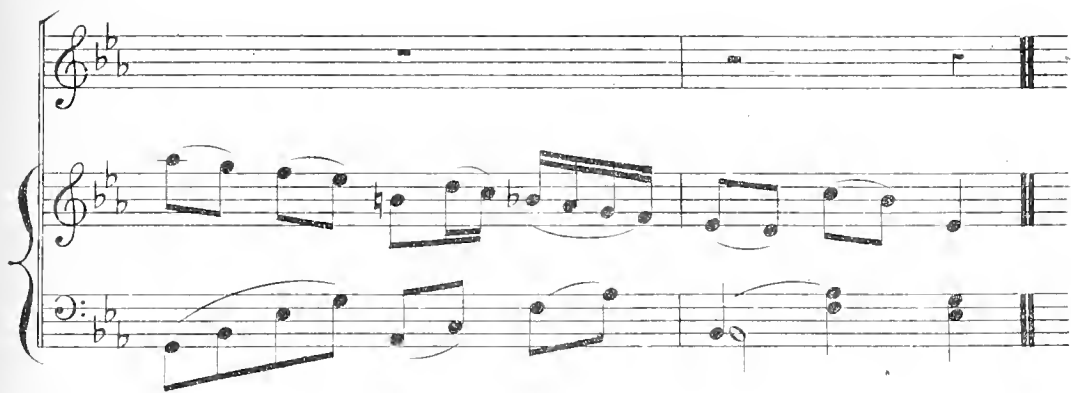
ower the hill, And O she glen-tit bon-ni-lie! Then

met my, lass when a' was still Be - low the spread - ing

thorn tree. O for the thorn tree! the

fair the spreading thorn tree! The flame o' love glows

bon - ni - lie be - low the spread - ing thorn tree.



The bloom o' youth beamed on her cheek,

And love was lowin' in her e'e;

And Cupids played at hide and seek

Around us at the thorn tree:

Oh for the thorn tree! the fair the spreading thorn tree!

The flame o' love glows bonnilie below the spreading thorn tree.

The wanton breeze, wi' downy wing,

Cam soofin' ower us cannilie;

And saft and sweet the burn did sing

When trottin by the thorn tree:

Oh for the thorn tree! the fresh the milkwhite thorn tree!

The flame o' love glows bonnilie below the spreading thorn tree

I elased my lassie to my heart,

And vowed my love should lasting be,

And wished ilk ill might be my part

When I forgot the thorn tree:

Oh for the thorn tree! the bonny bloomin' thorn tree!

I'll ever mind wi' blythsome glee my lassie and the thorn tree.

THE BUCCLEUCH GATHERING.

*Written by George Allan.**With
Emphatic
Expression*

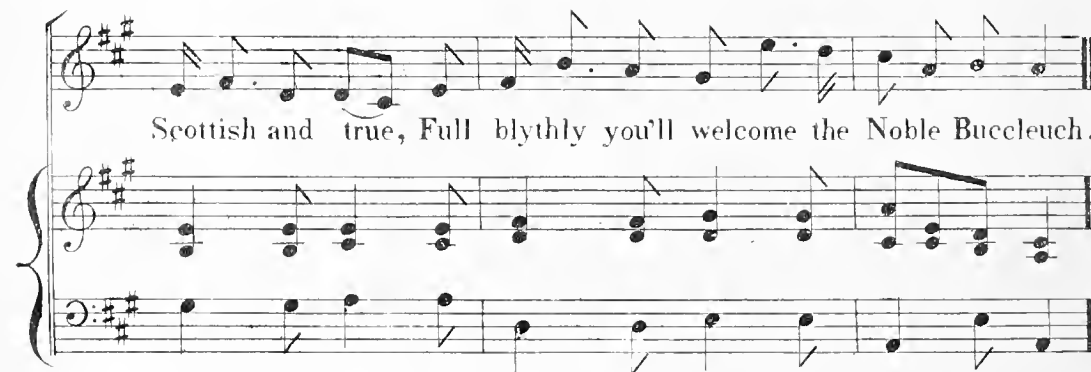
Gather in, gather in, from each mountain and glen, From Highland, from



Lowland, from steading and pen; If your hearts, as of yore, still be



Scottish and true, Full blythly you'll welcome the Noble Buccleuch.



Bold Yeomen of Louden come forth in ar-ray, Ev'ry SCOT owes you

thanks for the feast of to-day; For search, as we may, Britain's

broad a-cres through, Where find we a Laird like the Laird of Buccleuch.

Gather in, gather in, from each mountain and glen; From Highland from

Lowland from steading and pen; If your hearts, as of yore, still be

Scottish and true, Full blythly you'll welcome the Noble Buccleuch.

Ye brave Forest lads of the crook and the plaid,
 Rally round, as your Sires did, when bound for the raid;
 When beacon fires blazed and the war summons blew
 "To boot and to saddle," with gallant Buccleuch!
 Gather in, gather in, &c.

Nor you, ye brave tars, be the last to combine
 To bid hail to the Lord of the net, drag, and line;
 When the coble proves luckless, when troubles ensue,
 Did you e'er lack a friend in the kindly Buccleuch?
 Gather in, gather in, &c.

WHAT AILS MY MINNIE AT WILLIE AN' ME.

Written by James Ballantine.

*Moderate
With
Feeling*

What ails my minnie at Willie an' me? How can my minnie wyte

Willie an' me? When nane but the wean and the wee butterflee. Can

see the stown kiss o' my Willie an' me! My grandfather suns himsel'

on the door stane, An' dreams o' my grandmither lang dead an' gane; He

gazes on heav'n wi' his lustreless e'e, I'm sure they ance loed like my

Willie an' me. What ails my minnie at Willie an' me?

How can my minnie wyte Willie an' me? When nane but the wean an' the

wee butterflee Can see the siown kiss o' my Willie an' me.

cres:

I ken Willie's true, an' I feel he's my ain; He courts nae for gear, an' he

comes nae for gain; He leaves a' his flocks far out-owre on yon lea, What

true heart wad sin-der my Willie an' me. What ails my minnie at

Willie an' me? How can my minnie wyte Willie an' me? When nane but the

wean an' the wee butterflee Can see the stown kiss of my Willie an' me.

p *cres.*

THE PANG O' LOVE IS ILL TO DREE.

Written by James Murray.

With Animation.

The

pang o' love is ill to dree, Hech whow! the bid- ing o't; 'Twas

like to prove the death o' me, I strove sae lang at hid- ing o't. When

first I saw the wick-ed thing, I wist-na it meant ill to me; I

straik'd its bonny head and wing, And took the bratchet on my knee: I

kiss'd it ance, I kiss'd it twice, Sae kind was I in guiding o't; When,

whisk! it shot me in a trice, An' left me to the bid-ing o't. An'

hey me! how me! Hech whow the bid-ing o't! For

o - ny ill I've had to dree Was naething to the bid-ing o't.

The doctors ponder'd lang an' sair, To rid me o' the stanging o't; And

skee_ly wives a year an' mair, They warstled hard at banging o't. But

doc_tors drugs did fient a haet—Ilk wifie quat the guiding o't, They

turn'd and left me to my fate, Wir naething for't but biding o't. An'

hey... me! how me! Hech whow the bid-ing o't! For

o--ny ill I've had to dree Was naething to the bid-ing o't

When friends had a' done what they dought,
 Right sair bumbazed my state to see,
 A bonny lass some comfort brought—
 I'll mind her 'till the day I dee!
 I tauld her a' my waefu' case,
 An' how I'd stri'en at hiding o't;
 An', blessings on her bonny face!
 She saved me frae the biding o't.
 An' hey me! how me!
 Hech whow! the biding o't;
 For a' the ills I've had to dree,
 Were trifles to the biding o't.

LET BARDS SING O' CHEEKS BLOOMING BRIGHT.

Written by James Ballantine.

*Playfully,
but not
too Quick.*

Let bards sing o' cheeks blooming bright wi' red roses, An' chaunt o'ripe

lips like the flow'rs wet wi' dew, But gie me my lassie wha's kind ee dis-

closes A bo-som that's kind an' a heart that is true: O kind eyes an'

fond hearts, blend sweetly together, The flame o' the heart, lights the lowe in the

ee; Like twin flow'rs ye'll no wede the tane frae the tither, The gether they

bloom, or the - gether they dee.

When cares gather 'round me, baith darksome an' eerie,
 An' love 'mid the storm sinkin' down seems to fa',
 Ae kind speaking glance frae the ee o' my dearie
 Frae life's lowering sky clears the dark clouds awa':
 The eye is love's sun, and, though storms may it cover,
 It bursts forth wi' glory in hopes smiling day;
 An' what can cheer up the lone heart o' a lover
 Like love shining bright in the eye's sparkling ray!

OUR BRAW UNCLE WILLIE.

Written by James Ballantine.

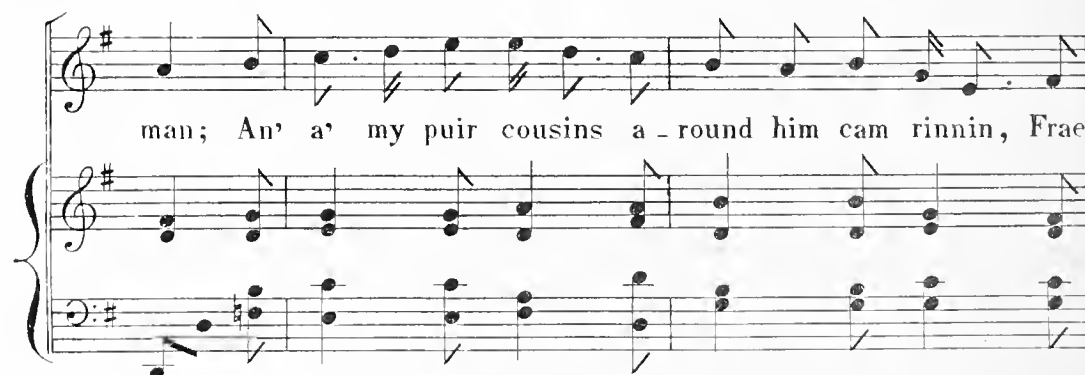
*Humorous.
With
Expression.*



My auld un_cle Willie cam



doun here frae Luimon, An', wow! but he was a braw,



man; An' a' my puir cousins a-round him cam rinnin, Frae

mo - ny a lang - mile a - - wa . . , man . My un - cle was

rich, my un - cle was proud - He spak o' his gear, and he

bragg'd o' his gowd; An' what-e'er he hin - ted the puir bodies

vow'd They wad mak it their love an' their law, man.



He staid wi' them a' for a week, time about,
 Feastin', an' fuddlin', an' a', man;
 Till he fairly had riddled the puir bodies out,
 An' they thocht he was ne'er gaun awa', man:
 An' neither he was; he had naething to do;
 He had made a' their fortunes and settled them too;
 Though they ne'er saw a boddle, they had naething to say,
 For they thocht they wad soon hae it a', man.

But when our brow uncle had stay'd here a year,
 I trow but he wasna a sma' man —
 Their tables cam down to their auld hamilt cheer,
 An' he gat himself book'd to gae 'wa', man.
 Yet e'er the coach started, the hale o' his kin
 Cam to the coach-door, maistly chokin' him in;
 An' they press'd on him presents o' a' they could fin',
 An' he vow'd he had done for them a', man.

An' say had he too; for he never cam' back:
 My sang! but he wasna a raw man,
 To feast for a year without paying a plack
 An' gang wi' sic presents awa', man.,
 An' aften he bragg'd how he cheated the greed
 O' his grey gruppy kinsmen be-north o' the Tweed:
 -An' the best o't, when auld uncle Willie was dead —
 He left them just — naething ava, man.

MY FIDDLE AND ME.

Written by James Ballantine.

*Moderate.
With
Feeling.*

O na - ture is bon - ny and blythsome to see,

Wi' the gowd on her brow, an' the light in her e'e; An'

sweet is her sum - mer - sang rol - lin' in glee, As it

thrills the heart strings o' my fid-dle an' me. When the

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major (one flat) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line. The lyrics are "thrills the heart strings o' my fid-dle an' me. When the".

young mor-ning blinks through a-mang the black cluds; An' the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "young mor-ning blinks through a-mang the black cluds; An' the". The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures in the right hand.

south-land breeze rustles out through the green woods The

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "south-land breeze rustles out through the green woods The". The piano accompaniment maintains a steady harmonic support.

lark in the lift, and the merl on the tree, Baith

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "lark in the lift, and the merl on the tree, Baith". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present in the piano part.

strike the key note to my fiddle an' me.

When amang the crisp heather upon the hill-side,
 Mine ee fou o' rapture, my soul fou o' pride,
 The wee heather lintie and wild hinny-bee
 A' join in the strain wi' my fiddle an' me.
 When daund'rin' at e'en down the dark dowie dells,
 To cheer the wee gowans, an' charm the wee bells,
 The sweet purling rill wimples down to the sea,
 Dancing light to the notes o' my fiddle an' me.

At kirk or at weddin', at tryst or at fair,
 There's nae heart-felt music unless we be there,
 Wi' a spark in my heart an' a drap in my ee,
 The vera floor louns to my fiddle an' me.
 My fiddle's my life spring, my fiddle's my a',
 She clings to me close when a' else are awa';
 Time may force friends to part, he may wyle faes to gree,
 Death only can part my auld fiddle an' me.

THE BONNY BRAES OF SCOTLAND.

Written by Robert Gilfillan.

*With Spirit,
and Feeling.*

O! the

bonnie braes o' Scot - land, My blessings on them a'; May

peace be found in il - ka cot, An' joy in il - ka ha': Whaur.

e'er a bield, how - ever laigh, By burn or brae ap - pears, Be

there the glad - some smile o' youth, And dig - ni - ty of

years .

O! the bonnie braes o' Scot - land, To my re-mem-brance

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both in F# major and common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

bring, The lang, lang simmer sun - ny day, When

This system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

life was in its spring; When, 'mang the wild flow'rs

This system contains the third line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

wan - dering, The happy hours went by; The

This system contains the fourth line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

future wak' ning no a fear, Nor yet the past a

sigh.

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland,
 That hame sae dear to me:
 And, hame, it is a kindly word,
 Whaure'er that hame may be.
 My wearied thoughts I oft recall
 To those once sunny days,
 When youthfu' hearts together joy'd
 'Mang Scotland's bonnie braes.

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

Written by James Ballantine.

Slow with Feeling



We part; yet ere we sigh farewell, We'll sing a parting lay, Tho' it

fall... like a sad'ning knell, In dy_ing tones a_way. Though

youth's bright flame is wan- ing fast, One an- cient home- ly strain, In

glowing light il-lumes the past, And we are young a-gain.

Old

Ca-le-don, ma-jes-tic, bold, O'er-tops her mantling sky, And,

fired by tales of dar-ing told, She shouts her bat-tle cry. The

min-strel and the bard must raise On high the he-ros fame; Each

note that sounds the patriots praise, A-wakes a kindred flame.

Then sweep again the mountain lyre,
 Raise! raise your voices high;
 And fan more bright the sacred fire,
 Which lights sweet freedom's sky
 'Till meek eyed peace and blue eyed love
 On earth together dwell;
 Thus, when the earth is heaven above,
 Oh! who would sigh farewell.



“ORIGINAL NATIONAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,”

(*First Series*)

In One splendid Imperial Octavo Volume, Price One Guinea, cloth, gilt,

DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Volume contains SIXTY-ONE ORIGINAL SONGS, written by the most talented
Poets in Scotland, and Set to Original Music by PETER McLEOD.

J. MENZIES, 61, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

CONTENTS.

AUTHORS.

Victoria! in Homage to Thee,	<i>David Vedder.</i>
Scotland Yet,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Wallace's Lament,	<i>George Allan.</i>
I canna leave my Hieland Hame,	<i>George Allan.</i>
Those hours I spent with Thee,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Oh Lassie! dear Lassie,	<i>George Allan.</i>
In the days o' Langsyne,	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>
My Love is asleep in yon bower,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
The Heath is not faded you brought,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
When Autumn has laid her sickle by,	<i>Capt. Chas. Gray, R.M.</i>
O my Love, night is come,	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>
My Bonnie Wife,	<i>William Miller.</i>
Wi' Garlands nae mair,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Scotia's Thistle guards the Grave,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Oh, why left I my Hame,	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>

I form'd a Green Bower,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Young Donald frae his Love's away,	<i>George Allan.</i>
Caledonia!	<i>John Imlah.</i>
The bright Sun o' Simmer,	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>
Love came to the Door o' my Heart,	<i>The Ettrick Shepherd.</i>
We met when Spring had starred the Vale!	<i>Miss Eliza Acton.</i>
Oh! Strike the Wild Harp!	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>
My fair, my faithful Somebody!	<i>John M'Diarmid.</i>
I have lov'd Thee only,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Ours is the Land o' gallant Hearts!	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Rise! Rise! Lowland and Highlandmen!	<i>John Imlah.</i>
The Dowie Deus o' Yarrow!	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Old Scotland Fare-thee-well!	<i>George Allan.</i>
More dear art Thou to me,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Troubadour's Serenade,	<i>William Wilson.</i>
We'll meet yet again,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
The bonny Lass o' Deloraine,	<i>The Ettrick Shepherd.</i>
The bonny Lass o' Annandale! (written to the above air)	<i>Lawrence Anderson.</i>
Gather in! Gather in!	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>
The wild Glen sae Green,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Thy Hope may be bright,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Farewell! Farewell!	<i>Dr Abraham.</i>
I will think of Thee yet,	<i>George Allan.</i>
The Maniac Song,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
Allsion! the Queen of the Main!	<i>William Wilson.</i>
The Mavis sings on Mary's bower!	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>
My own Highland Vale!	<i>David Vedder.</i>
Be with me, Dearest!	<i>George Allan.</i>
O! the happy Days o' Youth!	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>
Arm! Arm for the Battle, ye Brave!	<i>John Imlah.</i>
Dirge written upon the Death of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.,	<i>William Millar.</i>
Forget Thee! Can I ever?	<i>Percy Rolfe.</i>
Is your Warpipe Asleep?	<i>George Allan.</i>
A Bumper to Thee,	<i>Robert Gilfillan.</i>
I'll meet Thee, Love,	<i>Anonymous.</i>
Lament for the Stewarts of Appin,	<i>The Ettrick Shepherd.</i>
They bring me Flowers,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
The Harp of the Troubadour,	<i>Capt. Chas. Gray, R.M.</i>
My Chosen and my Fairest,	<i>Anonymous.</i>
Scotia!	<i>John Imlah.</i>
Lament for the Ettrick Shepherd,	<i>James Murray.</i>
The Yellow Locks o' Charlie,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
The Land o' Cakes! (written to the above air)	<i>John Imlah.</i>
Flora's Lament,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>
O, Bonnie were the Bowers!	<i>John Imlah.</i>
Farewell, my Wild Hill Harp,	<i>H. S. Riddell.</i>

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

UPON

“ORIGINAL NATIONAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,”

COMPOSED BY PETER M'LEOD.

“MR M'LEOD has now produced a volume of Music which, if we are not greatly mistaken, will not only confer an immortality on himself, but will prove a boon to his country.”

Caledonian Mercury,

28th June 1838.

“We have no doubt that this elegant Work will find its way into the boudoir of many a fair lady.”

Fife Herald,

5th July 1838.

“These efforts are distinguished by the same plaintive melody, the same impassioned breathing, which have come to us from the ancient lyrics.

“As a Collection of Original Melodies, composed by one Individual, it is deserving of all encouragement; but its claims to public attention rest upon higher grounds. It is a work of sterling merit, and ought to be found on the table of every admirer of Scottish Song.”

Scotsman,

18th July 1838.

“This is a beautiful and truly National Collection of Songs, from the pens of some of the best of our living Poets, arranged to Music of a chaste, graceful, and pleasing character, by MR M'LEOD.”

United Service Gazette,

4th August 1838.

“ We hope MR M'LEOD will continue to write Melodies, and not allow that harp to be unstrung which has sung so often and so well, of joy and sorrow, of hope and love, of the freedom and worth of his native land.”

Fifeshire Journal,

9th August 1838.

“ He exhibits great taste, and skill, and felicity of invention in adapting his Melodies to the spirit and character of the Songs.”

Glasgow Constitutional,

25th August 1838.

“ The compositions are well adapted to the subjects; and the sympathy of the Scottish style has been successfully imitated.”

Dundee Courier,

20th November 1838.

“ We believe the successful Melodist has not only words before him to which he composes, but also the rare gift of entering into the feelings of the Poet, causing that happy union of Music to immortal Verse. This quality MR M'LEOD has in a high degree, and it is this that gives his Melodies that tone of originality and diversity of character which stamps them as decidedly National.”

Edinburgh Chronicle,

5th January 1839.

“ In the volume before us there are Sixty-One Songs by different Authors, the Music to each composed by MR PETER M'LEOD, and many of them happily conceived and beautifully expressed.”

Woolwich Advertiser,

9th February 1839.

“ We regret exceedingly that we have not had an earlier opportunity of noticing this interesting and truly beautiful production. Its exterior is got up in a style equal to that of the best of our Annuals, while the Lyrics which it contains, and the appropriate Original Melodies to which they are married, make it a highly valuable accession to the stock Music of the ‘ Land of the mountain and the flood.’ It is a work eminently worthy of the Northern Athens, and ought to have a place in all our musical libraries. So natural and sympathetic is the connection (between the Poetry and Music), that after hearing a few notes of the symphony, we can at once predicate the character of the words.”

The Sheffield Iris,

24th December 1839.

1/-

